Treasures of Kurium

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The Treasures of Kurium

By Ellen M. H. Gates

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ELLEN M. H. GATES

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THE TREASURES OF KURIUM

THE TREASURES OF KURIUM

COME, look at the treasures of Kurium spread
In the light of the sun. From the dust of the dead
They are lifted at last, and they blaze as of old,
These vials and vases and trinkets of gold.

They are parts of the stories of temple and tomb,
And they bided their time in the silence and gloom;
While flesh that was mortal would moulder away,
They flashed in defiance of time and decay.

These rubies are priceless, and red as the blood
Of women who wore them when life was at flood;
O maidens of Cyprus, and daughters of Kings;
What secrets are these that are traced in the rings?

What soft, slender throat did this necklace adorn?
Was it love's trembling gift in the world's early morn?
Speak low in this place, for they do not forget;
Some love that could die not may cling to it yet.

Thou "King Etevander," with story untold;
Didst offer Astarte these armlets of gold?
O'er-wearied with splendor, a boon didst thou crave?
Was it peace on the earth? Was it rest in the grave?

What strange fire was lit in these vases of glass?
It burns unconsuming as centuries pass;
What rainbows were melted and poured in the mold?
What flash of auroras? What sunsets of gold?

These tear-bottles here which are dry as the dust,
Were once overflowing, their owners, we trust,
Behold them with wonder, and smile as they say,
Were they ours? Did we weep when so brief was our stay?

Rich wreckage is this, which has come on the crest
Of billows that roll from the east to the west;
With hints of old sorrow, and splendor, and pride,
It is linking the souls which the ages divide.

"THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY"

HOW many times, within the glass,
I see a figure pause, and pass;
As like myself as it can be,
And yet it scarcely looks at me.

The painted portraits on the wall,
That do not move or speak at all,
Look on me with as kind a glance,
As this impassive countenance.

But one day, one, before the glass
I paused, and did not dare to pass;
For there, by some foreknowledge lit,
A face looked out—I looked at it.

The sad eyes pierced me through and through,
From the set lips a challenge flew;
As it had passed through searching flame,
A voice, imperious, called my name.

Before some clear, inshining light,
My earthly atoms fled from sight;
As that which evermore would be,
My soul itself confronted me.

I looked at it, ashamed, dismayed;
It wore a crown, I was afraid;
As one who might, it made demands
Of blood and brain, of heart and hands.

It questioned me, it whispered clear,
Great secrets that I ought to hear;
It bade me keep, in solemn trust,
Its royal purple from the dust.

The tryst was ended—I could see
A veil drop down 'twixt it and me;
I had no questions more to ask
Of Life or Death—I knew my task.

THE PRAYERS

IF we listen, we can hear
Through all sounds that earth is making,
Through its music, sweet and clear,
Through its moan when hearts are breaking,
A low murmur, as of streams,
Flowing through a land of dreams.

'T is the ceaseless sound of prayer,
Men and women, sobbing, pleading,
With more pain than they can bear,
For God's pity interceding
All together—each alone,
Beat the prayers against the throne.

HAUNTED

IT comes once more! I turn and flee,
And wave it backward, all in vain;
It knows my pathways,—woe is me!
On, on, across the fields I strain;
And through the forests, where the trees
Lock all their branches, but I hear
A whisper on the wandering breeze,
And know the haunting shape is near.

Within the city's crowded street,
I strive to hide me from my foe;
Where many hearts so gaily beat,
I surely may with courage go.

I should be glad, the sun is high ;
I would not harm the slightest thing,
And God himself is in the sky,
And all His angels on the wing.

I do not know, sometimes I think
A friend may come in strange disguise,
With some clear draught for me to drink,
As life's most wonderful surprise ;
That in some near or distant day,
The thing I fear may take my hand,
And draw me close, and smile, and say,
"At last, at last, you understand!"

ON CHRISTMAS DAY

WHAT can I give you on this day,
My dear, dear friend of many years?
Your love, as steadfast as the sun,
Along my lengthening life has run,
Nor failed me once, nor made delay,
Nor laughed to scorn my hopes and fears.

When I am weakest, still your hand
Is stretched to touch me in my place.
Whatever comes, I smile serene,
To think my soul on yours can lean,
For you are sure to understand,
And peace and strength are in your face.

O lightly, lightly, to and fro,
The gifts on Christmas day are passed.
Our hands are weary as they hold
The tiresome trinkets bought with gold;
A while they please us with their glow,
But back to dust they fall at last.

Alas! my friend, how poor I am!
No gift I bring you on this day.
No filmy web from Indian loom,
Nor gem, nor flower, nor rare perfume,
Nor spices fine, nor costly balm,
Before your feet my hands may lay.

And yet I love you, love you, dear,
And love a deathless thing must be.
Mine shall enfold you, when your face
Makes happier still some heavenly place,
And no revolving earthly year
Brings tears or pain to you and me.

"I AM OLD," SAID THE EARTH

"I AM old," said the earth, "I am old,
I am wearied in all my frame;
I am stiff with the northern cold;
I am seared by the southern flame;
I am worn with the ways of men;
Death reaps them down, like corn,
They are hid in my breast, and then,
Straightway, new men are born.
And their laughter is all in vain,
For they count the days and years;
And they babble of loss and gain,
And they drench me with their tears.
Is there never an end of all?
Can a great world never die,

And rest, like a mighty ball,
In the depth of the awful sky;
Or, some day, feel, through sea and sod,
New, quick'ning touch, from the hand of God?"

A STORY

TELL a story, tell a story,
Tell it to the old and young;
Let it be of love or glory,
Tell it with a silver tongue.
Tell it till our eyes shall glisten,—
What a motley crowd are we;
Some are weeping as they listen,
Some are smiling tenderly.

Tell a story, tell a story,
Tell it when the days are drear,
When the cedar trees are hoary,
In the old age of the year.

Weave us then your finest fancies;
Show us signs in earth and sky,
That the crownèd truth advances,
And the roots of evil die.

Tell a story, tell a story,
Some of us are old and gray;
Over pleasures transitory
We have mourned for many a day.
Beaten backward and mistaken,
We have looked at Love's alloy,
Let your words to life awaken
Many a dream of hope and joy.

Tell a story, tell a story,
Some of us are young and gay;
Give us glimpses of the glory
That shall gild the coming day.
You can set our pulses flying,
You can mould us as you please;

See us laughing, trembling, crying,
As we gather at your knees—!

Tell a story, tell a story,
Dip your pen in golden foam,
Weave for us a web of glory,
Round the blessed hearth of home.
With the fire-light in our faces,
Make us see that, East or West,
Through all time and in all places,
Love is first, and last, and best—!

MY CHILD

O THOU great world! so full of lights and shadows,
Of doubts and fears, of hopes that wax and wane,
Of lonely deserts and of green oases,
Of mirth and music, bitter tears and pain;
I look far off adown thy tangled mazes,
But mists are floating and the clouds are piled,
And I can stand upon no mount of vision,
To trace the pathway of my little child.

I pray thee, World, deal kindly with her ever,
Oh, do not fright her in her tender years!

Hold back thy storms, let them not beat upon her;
Dim not too soon these soulful eyes with tears.
If far away among the dim to-morrows,
Dead leaves are rustling where her feet must tread,
Let all thy breezes prophesy of summer,
And all thy birds sing joyful overhead.

Angels of God, pitch your white tents above her!
Oh, let her feel, whate'er the future brings,
That all the air is throbbing with your presence,
And when the evening o'er her pathway flings
Shade after shade, still walking close beside her,
Let your "Praise God!" ring out so loud and clear,—
A hymn of Heaven among the earthly noises,—
That all her soul shall hush itself to hear.

Thou Sword of Truth, flash night and day
before her!
Should falsehood weave its meshes for her
feet,
Should poison fruitage hang alluring o'er her,
And lying voices bid her pluck and eat,
Then thou good Sword, flash swift through all
disguises,
Point out the place where error lies concealed,
And oh, to win the soul's immortal prizes,
Strike thou for her on life's great battle-field!

Thou King of kings, Jesus, Thou son of Mary!
As once of old, Judean mothers came,
Bringing their children, praying Thee to bless
them,
So come I now, my errand is the same;
In arms of faith I hold her up before Thee,
The world, O Lord! how wide it is and wild!
What can she do? How can she live without
Thee?
With all Thy blessings, bless my little child!

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

HOW many times, as through the room I hasten,
Without a thought of other days at all,
I lift my eyes, and straightway I am standing
Before her picture, hanging on the wall.

Almost it seems her pleasant voice is calling,
And I am fain to answer, "Yes, I hear,
All earthly sounds shall be to me as silence,
If you will speak, O mother, mother dear!"

No answer comes, I hush my breath to listen,
But still the eyes with patient, steadfast gaze

Look into mine; they pierce through flesh and spirit.
I bow my head and blush beneath their rays.

For she is wise with wisdom that appalls me,
The solemn secrets of the grave she knows
And high o'er me, by God's own hand uplifted,
Through wondrous ways of His own Heaven she goes.

Beyond all change, and safe from time's mutation,
And grieved no more by earth's forlorn complaints,
Thou pictured face, dim semblance of my mother,
How dost thou look among the crownèd saints?

So far! so far! once if I faintly called you,
Or laughed, or wept, you were so quick to know;

All else might fail, my mother's love was certain,
Now, dying e'en, your touch I must forego.

Thou there, I here, and I know not what spaces
Beyond the grave's green width, divide us two;
Nor of the times, uncounted and unnumbered,
That must go o'er me, ere I look on you.

But I am coming, I shall find you, mother!
Sometime, somewhere, when His great will is done,
And I am fit to stand once more beside you,
To your high place I shall have leave to come!

THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY

SHE is sitting very silent in her little crimson chair,
With the flicker of the firelight on her shining golden hair,
And all pleasant things surround her, but her thoughts are otherwhere.

For the little lads and lasses have a country of their own,
Where, without the older people, they can wander off alone,
Into dim and distant regions, that were never named or known.

They are wearied with the questions and the
running to and fro,
For some one is always saying, "you must
come" or "you must go,"
"You must read and write correctly, walking,
talking, thus and so."

They can turn at any moment from the figures
on their slates,
And the names of all the islands and the oceans
and the states,
Disappear and are forgotten, when they see the
shining gates

Of their own delightful country, where they
wander as they please,
On the great enchanted mountains, and among
the fadeless trees,
With a thousand other children, all entirely at
their ease.

O the happy, happy children! do they wish for anything?
Book or boat or bird or picture, silken dress or golden ring?
Lo! a little page will hasten and the treasure straight will bring.

It is strange, the older people cannot find this land at all,
If they ever knew its language, it is lost beyond recall,
And they only, in their dreamings, hear its music rise and fall.

O the riches of the children, with this country for their own,
All the splendor of its castles, every flower and shining stone,
Until time itself is ended, and the worlds are overthrown!

SLEEP SWEET

SLEEP sweet within this quiet room,
O thou! whoe'er thou art;
And let no mournful yesterday,
Disturb thy peaceful heart.
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest,
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless Friend,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world;
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead;
Sleep sweet,—good night! good night!

AT NOONDAY

O FRIENDS, dear friends! what mean these sober faces?
The children dance around us, free as air,
But more and more, there comes into our faces
A wearied look, and we are grown aware
Of solemn changes that are stealing o'er us,
For O the years! they make their stern demands,
What can we do?—the way is short before us,
And closer, closer, we are clasping hands.

We scarcely knew when the sweet morn departed,
A wondrous light was over earth and sky,

And on we sped, careless and happy-hearted,
Nor answer made to her "good-bye, good-bye."
We miss her now, the changeful years endear her,
Through golden mists we watch her where she stands;
She looks and smiles, but never will come nearer,
Then closer, closer, let us clasp our hands.

We thought the sun was standing still above us,
A changeless thing, safe anchored in the sky;
It moves at last, and now, if any love us,
We call to them "Noon too, is passing by!"
Along the grasses do our shadows lengthen,
The winds blow fresh from undiscovered lands;
Now, now indeed, all tender ties should strengthen,
And closer, closer, we are clasping hands.

The song of birds is sweet and sweeter growing,
The rainbows bend more brightly in the sky;
We slowly walk, but we are surely going
Through wider gateways, as the years go by.
O little children! dance and sing around us,
Not one of you our story understands;
We have borne crosses, many crowns have crowned us;
And closer, closer we are clasping hands.

Our ranks are broken, but we follow, follow,
Along the paths that every foot must tread;
The Heavens are near when earth is ringing hollow,
Why should we mourn or be disquieted?
O friends, dear friends, come nearer still and nearer,
Love wears her crown and strengthens all her bands;
Your faces glow, your names are growing dearer,
And closer, closer let us clasp our hands.

A STORM AT NIGHT

THE gas-lights flicker in the rain,
The wind comes roaring down the street,
And wrestling with the storm amain,
The door-yard trees, like souls in pain,
Our human sympathies entreat.

The sky is black with warring clouds,
And all His thunders mutter low,
While here and there, like fiery brands,
From the Almighty's open hands,
The leaping lightnings go.

'Mid such an awful storm at night,
While all creation groans around,

How earth and time sink out of sight;
While thought on thought, in solemn flight,
Goes yearning up the dim profound.

How hushed are all our passions now;
Ambition's fever dies away,
Strength takes the helmet from her brow,
And sitting in the ashes low,
Pride blushes over yesterday.

We look across the vague expanse,
And stir our chain, and try our wings,
And often catch a fleeting glance,
Of our safe-kept inheritance,
Among the everlasting things.

THE BUTTERFLIES

LOOK at the butterflies! purposeless things,
How idly they float on their gossamer wings,
Over the poppies and over the grass,
Swift as the down of a thistle they pass.

Where are they going, and why are they here
In the heat of the day and the noon of the year?
They flutter awhile in the brightness, and then
They are gone from our sight, and they come not again.

And we—we are wearied with fever and frost;
Whatever we do, it must be at a cost;

We hear as we journey, the dropping of tears;
We bear on our foreheads the stamp of the years.

But look at the butterflies! beautiful things,
Before us and over us flashing their wings;
It may be, the Maker who fashioned them thus,
Has sent the gay creatures on errands to us.

Perhaps we go slowly when we should be swift
To follow the scent of the roses, that drift
Their pink snow about us, more oft we might play
And yet finish our tasks by the end of the day.

O blest are the eyes that are clear to behold
The wonderful glow of the butterflies' gold,
With leisure to follow their flight as they pass
Silently, gracefully, over the grass!

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

YES, yes, we say, our lives are worth
All that they cost, whate'er befall,
And if the round, unresting earth
And these poor, mortal days were all;
Faced all the time by pain and death,
'T is worth our while to draw our breath.

If only once we saw the sun
March, like a god across the sky,
And only once, when day was done,
We watched the fires of sunset die;
These hints of other worlds would be
Worth all the years to you and me.

But once to see the stars at night,
And once the roses by the door;
To see but once the oceans smite
With awful strength the quiv'ring shore—
These, these alone would make our breath
Worth all the pangs of birth and death.

Is life worth living? Dearest eyes,
That look to ours in weal or woe,
How would ye flash in pained surprise
If false to you we answered "No"—
By all that we can know or guess
Of earth or heaven, we answer—Yes.

YOUR MISSION

IF you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,

As they slowly pass along,—
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready at command;
If you cannot toward the needy,
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
With the Savior's true disciples,
You a tireless watch may keep.

If you cannot in the harvest,
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
Oft the careless reaper leaves;
Go and glean among the briars
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all!

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There 's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread;
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

MY SHADOW

UP and down it follows, follows,
I can never quite escape;
On the hills and in the hollows,
This familiar, silent shape
Still is with me, tireless ever;
Friend or foe—whoe'er I meet,
This companion leaves me never,
Keeping step with soundless feet.

Looking at it, I am lonely,
For a stranger still it seems;
Tho' it follows me—me only,
Yet, as something seen in dreams,
I behold it. Oft I wonder

Whither all its steps do tend;
All its features hidden under
Veils no changeful winds can rend.

Can nor pain nor passion move thee,
O my comrade? I am tossed
By the tempests sent to prove me—
On thy calm their wrath is lost.
Come thou near, my patient lover,
Let me whisper that I see—
What no other may discover—
Change at last has come to thee!

Once thy feet were swift beside me,
Not a hill too high to climb;
From the heat thou didst not hide thee,
Naught to thee were space and time;
Light as air, I saw thee dancing
Down the pathway where I strayed—
Dost thou see the night advancing?
Art thou of the dark afraid?

Canst thou hear me, lover, stranger?
Silent shape, I tell thee now,
I, thro' safety and thro' danger,
Am become as changed as thou;
Yet my heart leaps on before me,
New stars burn within the sky;
Courage! courage! I implore thee—
O my comrade, faster fly!

SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

IT is true, my heart is heavy, for the summer days are flying,
The frost has touched the roses and they wither on the stem;
Pinks, pansies and forget-me-nots, they all are dead or dying,
I hear the cruel north-wind go sweeping over them.

And my precious morning-glories, in their purple splendor growing,
Looking through their leafy lattice, all the world was fresh and fair,

And I loved to stand beside them when the eastern sky was glowing,
For they cheered me like an anthem, and they calmed me like a prayer.

But to-day I look upon them and behold their glory waning,
The cold rains beat upon them, they are shaken to and fro;
They seem to me like human souls in awful strait complaining,
As low they cry "good-bye! good-bye! into the dust we go."

Good-bye! good-bye! I answer them, my summer too is fleeting.
I miss the glow and glamour that the spring-time only knows,
Across my pathway I can see the autumn shadows creeping,

And though a thousand years to come may
bud and bloom the rose,

And all the flowers may come and go, a gay
procession, bringing
The freshness of the younger years, the
grasses wet with dew,
The pink blooms on the apple trees with birds
among them singing,
And fleecy clouds, like angel wings, soft float-
ing through the blue;

Yet I may be so far away beyond the earth's
dim border;
So thick a vail may hang between these
mortal days and me,
How do I know if I shall mark the seasons in
their order,
Or gladden when the winds blow warm across
the land and sea?

And though within the wondrous world to which my soul is going,
Are lips forever smiling sweet, and hearts forever young,
And in the gracious atmosphere fair blossoms always blowing,
And "glory, glory, glory," is the song forever sung,

Yet I cannot help but sorrow when the summer days are going,
I seek the sunny places, and I love them more and more,
And dear and dearer still to me these simple things are growing,
The vines that shade the windows and the flowers beside the door.

ANNUALS AND ACORNS

HE plants an annual, you plant an acorn,
Both will be beautiful, by-and-by;
Sealed in their sepulchres, veiled from your vision,
Alike for a little while they lie.
Softly the sunlight will fall where they slumber,
On them will filter the rain and the dew;
Standing together, you look where you laid them;
Counting the moons as the Indians do.

A brief waiting only, the brown earth will open,
Up from its grave will the annual rise;
He who is standing so patient beside you,

Will look at his treasure with joy in his eyes.
He 'll pluck a gay blossom to wear in his bosom,
Its beauty and fragrance will please him an hour;
The seed that he planted has come to perfection,
Not long did he wait for his fair little flower.

Now what will *you* do? for your acorn grows slowly,
So slow that its growth must be counted by years;
There 's no one to praise it, and more and more lowly
You grow, as you water the plant with your tears;
You know that its roots are in league with the granite,
You know that its branches will seek for the sky;

But O, the long strain on your faith and your patience!
Your hair is like silver, the years hurry by.

At last you lie down in your life's western chamber,
All watching is over, your hope has come true;
And smiling you look at the mighty oak branches,
Now waving between the red sunset and you.
Oh, what was the waiting, and what was the weeping,
Now, now that the day of your crowning has come,
For in the near Heaven are many tongues crying,
"Thou planter of acorns, well done and well done!"

SUNSET

THE birds were all a-singing,
The morning skies were red,
And sweet was our communion,
And pleasant words we said;
How close we kept together,
With never once a frown,—
But look, I pray you, brother,
The sun is going down!

Our path, that at the morning,
Was as a rosy line,
Through greenest meadows winding,
Grows shorter all the time;
And now my eyes are brimming,

To see the shadows fall,
For you and I are walking,
With no kind words at all.

O Sun, stand still in Heaven!
Be not so swift to go
Adown your path of glory;
This friend that loved me so,
Must smile once more upon me,
And I once more on him,
Before the darkness gathers,
And all the day is dim.

No matter whose the blame was;
So fast the shadows fall,
There 's no time left for talking,
I 'll gladly take it all;
For all the pride and anger,
Die out within my breast,
Now while the sun is sinking,
So low adown the west.

"WHATEVER TEARS MINE EYES SHALL WEEP"

WHATEVER tears mine eyes must weep,
One precious thing I still may keep,
'Till earth and time shall end;
I think it will be mine in Heaven,
This perfect gift that God has given,—
It is your love, my friend.

"OTHERS"

"OTHERS" are doing the wonderful things,
Theirs are the fingers that touch the strings
That sound so long 'ere the music dies;
Darlings and pets of their time, they hear
Praises of multitudes, far and near,
And ever their fame before them flies.

Alas! for the "others," how lonely they stand.
Far and apart on the hill-tops grand,
We see them plainly against the sky.
God's pity upon them!—there 's no retreat
From the world's bold stare, and the sun's fierce heat
For the gifted ones who have passed us by.

UNSATISFIED

BE still for a moment, thou weariful world!
Thy wheels they go faster and faster;
I have bowed to thy will, I have followed thy beck,
I have worn, uncomplaining, thy yoke on my neck,
But I will not acknowledge thee, master.

Thy beautiful trinkets I hold in my hands;
I cannot but smile at thy story;
The lily-bells ring and the birds fly in flocks,
The vines and the mosses creep over the rocks,
The clouds are as banners of glory.

Like blossoms the butterflies flit here and there,
And birds in the branches are singing;
The children are mocking at sorrow and care,
There 's music and laughter afloat in the air,
And flowers in the meadows are springing.

A wonderful pageant! I see it go by;
And beauty and ashes are blended;
Keeping step with the others, I march to and fro,
But I feel all the time like a child at a show,
That he knows, in an hour, will be ended.

And somehow, the stars that were near to me once,
Are further and further receding;
They draw my heart after them unto their place;
To catch their deep meaning, I lift up my face,
As one for his heritage pleading.

A STATUE

YOU who love to look on statues,
And the rarest would not miss,
Speak in whispers, and step softly,
When you come to look at this.
Was there ever whiter marble?
Not a hint of color there,
Save—or is it light from Heaven?—
Golden glints upon the hair.

They who look upon this statue,
Must come quickly. Ere the dawn
Of another day shall brighten,
Heavy curtains will be drawn
O'er the niche that must receive it;

There, in silence consecrate,
Where no mortal eye can see it,
Through the ages it will wait.

Do you say, as you stand weeping,
By its awful power oppressed,
That its place is in the sunlight?
Nay: the statue's name is Rest.
Nothing may disturb its quiet;
Shade on shade will wrap it round;
Peace will guard the heavy portal
Of its temple underground.

"Cruel, cruel!" you make answer:
"All it lacks is blood and breath!"
Hush! two sculptors wrought this statue,
And their names are Life and Death.
Comes a day when earth and Heaven
Shall be shaken; then, ah! then,
This white creature shall be lifted
To the sight of God and men.

THE GRAPES OF ESCHOL

AMONG the tribes, the weary tribes, we wander;
The way is long, complainings fill the air;
With God so near, we fear the kings of Edom,
By smitten rocks we yield us to despair.
The seas gape wide and make for us a pathway,
We hear the cry of Pharaoh's drowning host,
But mists roll up, there 's discord and confusion,
And far away is Canaan's peaceful coast.

Then do we see that walking close beside us,
With steady step, and eyes that onward look,
Are those who went before us to that country,
And brought us grapes from Eschol's wondrous brook;

Their faces shine, their lips are always singing,
The winds of Canaan have their foreheads fanned,
Alike to them are sunrise and sunsetting,
Their feet make haste, they have beheld the land.

O thanks and thanks, a thousand times repeated!
We know your names, ye valiant, faithful few;
Your lowest words are like a song from Heaven,
Ye searched the land out better than ye knew.
When through the camp there rings a cry for "Egypt,"
And all the tribes sway backward in despair,
We turn to you who bear the purple clusters,
For still ye say "Surely the land is fair."

We pray you, friends, walk closer still beside us;
Talk to us often of the way ye took,

When ye beheld the figs and pomegranates,
And plucked the grapes that grew by Eschol's brook.
When doubts, like evil birds, fly on before us,
And clouds obscure the path that must be trod,
Speak low to us of Sinai and its thunder,
Repeat the name of Israel's mighty God.

Ages have passed since Miriam's song was ended;
The wondrous brothers lead the hosts no more;
Still do we hear the whisperings of Jordan,
And see, afar, our Canaan's peaceful shore.
With undimmed splendor shines the star of Jacob;
Safe, safe for aye, our title-deed doth stand;
Our lips shall taste the purple grapes of Eschol,
Forevermore we shall possess the land!

FOR WEAL OR WOE

THEY clasped their hands for weal or woe,
And went together down the road,
The road that led, they knew not whither,
They did not know what winds would blow,
Nor where the shining rivers flowed,
Nor where the sweetest flowers would wither.

Their hands were clasped for weal or woe,
For love's dear sake their hearts were brave,
And years went onward, slowly creeping,
Joy was their friend. With face aglow,
She often came to them, and gave
Some priceless pearl into their keeping.

Their hands were clasped for weal or woe;
Together they outwatched the moon,
In many a solemn tryst with sorrow.
By wayside graves their tears would flow,
And crossing many a lonesome dune,
They, each from each, some hope would borrow.

Their hands were clasped for weal or woe,
And faith was strong, and could not fail,
Though doubts, like evil birds, were flying,
"Our love shall last," they whispered low;
And bent their heads to meet the gale,
Which left its wrecks around them lying.

Their hands were clasped for weal or woe,
More tender grew their words and ways,
Their fingers now were feebly clinging;
They journeyed slowly and more slow,
For strange, new stars began to blaze,
And all the evening bells were ringing.

WE LOVE BUT FEW

O YES, we mean all kind words that we say
To old friends, and to new;
Yet doth this truth grow clearer day by day,
We love but few.

We love! we love! what easy words to say,
And sweet to hear,
When sunrise splendor brightens all the way,
And far and near,

Is breath of flowers, and carolling of birds,
And bells that chime,—
Our hearts are light, we do not weigh our words
At morning time.

But when the matin-music all is hushed,
And life's great load
Doth weigh us down, and thick with dust
Doth grow the road,

Then do we say less often that we love,
The words have grown,—
With pleading eyes we look to Christ above,
And clasp our own.

Their lives are bound to ours with mighty bands;
No mortal strait,
Nor Death himself, with his prevailing hands,
Can separate.

The world is wide, and many names are dear,
And friendships true,
Yet do these words read plainer year by year,
We love but few.

IDLENESS

ALL around you, everywhere,
Men and women do and dare,
With a purpose all alive,
In the swarming human hive.

Up and down, and to and fro,
On the endless round they go;
Patiently they bear their lot,
Life and death they question not.

Through the darkness, o'er the waste,
Voices call them, and they haste;
To the wind their fear they fling,
All their best they gladly bring.

If the wind blow east, or west,
They can neither play nor rest;
So much work beneath the sky,
They can scarcely stop to die.

You are idle, and you stand,
Just a dreamer in the land;
Having neither name nor place,
With the runners in the race.

Are you made of finer clay?
Have you redder blood than they?
Must they always lay the meat
Which they strive for, at your feet?

Must they always, first and last,
Stand between you and the blast?
Are you God's peculiar care?
Has He favorites anywhere?

It were best that you should feel
Force of tempest, touch of steel;
Best to let your fancies fine,
Quicken into flames divine.

Men and women, with their loads,
Toil along the endless roads;
Overtake them, help them lift,
And no longer dream and drift.

A VOICE FROM FATHER'S CHAIR

I HEARD them say that, "Isaac's wife
Had sent to get the chair,"
And at the sound of Isaac's name
I shook through all my ancient frame,
For I had wondered where
The boy had gone, the little boy,
That was his father's pride and joy.

And when they said that I must go,
Must start without delay,
I grew as glad as any child,
And though the wintry winds were wild,
I started on my way,

For I was sure as I could be,
That Isaac's heart would welcome me.

So here I am within your home,
A plain old-fashioned thing,
But all my hickory splints rejoice
To hear the once familiar voice
That keeps its joyful ring;
For still your eyes with hope are bright,
And still you keep the Heavens in sight.

Oh, long and long ago your feet
Passed from the farm-house door!
You 're somewhat gray and travel-worn,
For many a burden you have borne,
And youth returns no more;
But you have tried to do your best,
Sit down in father's chair and rest!

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

SUCH beautiful, beautiful hands!
They 're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I 've looked on hands, whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands,
Most beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back

To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They 're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark,
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But Oh, beyond this shadow land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well, these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear!
Where crystal streams, through endless years,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old are young again,
I 'll clasp my mother's hands!

THE LAST MEETING

IF I had known, if I had known,
That day we met upon the street,
That nevermore, in any zone
Of earth's wide spaces, we should meet;
What different greeting had been mine!
What different farewell had been thine!

If we had known or dimly guessed,
That close to you were waving wings;
If some low voice within your breast,
Had whispered of eternal things,
What solemn message, high and deep,
You would have given me to keep!

I now recall—how strange it seems!—
You spoke of "writing," ah! my friend,
From that far land beyond my dreams,
What wondrous letter would you send!
Here in my silent room I sit,
And hush my breath to think of it.

If I had known! if I had known!
Still to myself the words I say,
As o'er your grave the snows are blown,
For surely it was yesterday,
When, for a moment's little space,
You stood there, smiling in my face.

I did not know, I could not know;
The angels keep their secrets well,
But as from earth to Heaven they go,
I think some kindly one will tell,
That in remembrance of that hour,
I lift to you this little flower.

TWO DREAMS

WHAT awful sounds were in the air,
With tears and torment everywhere!
My feet were on the sinking sands,
They drew me down; I wrung my hands,
And creatures whom I could not see,
With cruel laughter mocked at me;
I could not breathe, I could not die,
And all the time, within the sky,
Were soldiers fighting. Black and red
Their banners waved above my head.
But suddenly a low voice spoke:
"Good-morning, dear." I heard and woke,
And with a glad, exultant scream,
I cried—"It was a dream! a dream!"

But yesterday I saw a face
Grow white and still within its place,
And over eyes that long had wept,
A blessed darkness slowly crept.
O friend beloved, all pain was passed,
And you were sound asleep at last.
I smiled to think you were so safe
From words and deeds that grieve and chafe;
That Sorrow's self, in garments gray,
Like wavering mist, had fled away;
I thought you heard, as music clear,
New voices say, "Good-morning, dear."
And waking where the glory streamed,
You joyful cried—"I dreamed! I dreamed!"

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY

THOU, thou art the Potter, and we are the Clay,
And morning and evening, and day after day,
Thou turnest thy wheel, and our substance is wrought
Into form of thy will, into shape of thy thought.

Thou, thou art the Potter, the wheel turns around,
Thine eyes do not leave it. Our atoms were ground
Fine, fine in thy mills. O the pain and the cost!

Thou knowest their number; not one shall be lost.

Should Clay to the Potter make answer and say,
"Now what dost thou fashion?" thy hand would not stay,
Untiring, resistless, without any sound,
True, true to its Master, the wheel would go round.

How plastic are we as we lie in thy hands,
Who, who as the Potter the Clay understands?
Thy ways are a wonder, but oft, as a spark,
Some hint of thy meaning shines out in the dark.

What portion is this for the sensitive clay!
To be beaten and moulded from day unto day,
To answer not, question not, just to be still,
And know thou art shaping us unto thy will.

This, this may we plead with thee, workman divine,
Press deep in our substance some symbol of thine,
Thy name or thy image, and let it be shown
That thou wilt acknowledge the work as thine own.

TWO WRITERS

DAY after day, and side by side, they write;
The pen of one is like a sword, to smite;
Before its power the evil backward reels,
Truth stands elate, down fall the old Bastiles!

The other writes.—Dark shapes are here and there,
A sickening incense poisons all the air,
Strong men grow faint, and hell, beneath, is stirred,
And hears, well pleased, each soft, insidious word.

AFTER THE STORM

LAST night a storm was on the sea;
The wreckage drifts ashore;
Come walk along the beach with me,
And hear the breakers roar.

What soul their sorrow understands?
What eye can trace their path?
They fling themselves upon the sands,
And foam with fear or wrath.

The shore receives them, patient, dumb,
Nor trembles at their shocks;
But lifts to meet them, as they come,
Its great, insensate rocks.

I look across the troubled sea,
And seem an atom, tost
To wandering winds, and what to me
Is joy, if kept or lost?

And what if wearied on the way,
I faint and fall and die;
Would any miss, till judgment-day,
So small a thing as I?

THE YELLOW ROSE

WITHIN a book, unopened long,
I find a faded yellow rose,
It lies across a poet's song,
That tells of love and cruel wrong,
And on the margin of the page,
Are two initials, dim with age.
The song I read, the book I close,
And fling away the yellow rose.
No matter, always, East and West,
Will yellow roses still be pressed.

LONELINESS

UP! Up and onward! Cast thy loads
Behind thee, as thou speedest on;
To shining summits, stretch the roads,
Which many rain storms beat upon.
If boulders from the awful height
Come crashing down, look not at them;
A hand unseen will guide their flight,
They may not touch thy garment's hem.

Since thou didst leave the vales below,
Where smooth, green paths for thee were made;
Since thou didst say thy feet should go
Up the great mountains, un-afraid,

Make now thy words of boasting good,
  Unto the void thy terrors toss;
Vex not thy chosen solitude,
  With words of loneliness and loss.

"LINCOLN HAS FALLEN!"

Lincoln has fallen!
Toll it, ye bells, over valleys and mountains;
Wail it, ye winds, as ye sweep on your way;
Moan it in sadness, lakes, rivers, and fountains;
And all ye blue waves, on the beaches at play,
Bear it over the sea—a most terrible burden;
Oh, never before such a tale did ye tell;
The tempest was spent, and at hand was the guerdon,
When out of a clear sky, this thunderbolt fell!

Lincoln has fallen!
With his hand on the wheel, while the wild storm was beating,

How firmly he stood, with his calm, patient face
Lifted up to the sky, as if ever entreating
The Lord of the tempest, to lend him His grace.
All around him the leaden hail rattled, and loudly
And wild, o'er the deck, swept the breath of the gale;
And we looked on our pilot so gladly and proudly,
But see! here he lies to-day, helpless and pale.

Lincoln has fallen!
For the old flag he died: we will wrap it around him!
He died for the truth, deeply traced on his soul
Was the law of the Lord, and He surely will crown him
A King, while the years of eternity roll.

O "People that prayed for him," tenderly take him;
O "state that he loved," let him sleep on your breast;
Though hearts break within us, we cannot awake him;
Tread lightly, speak low—let the President rest!

God of our fathers!
To thy throne still unshaken, our hands are uplifted;
To its pillars we cling in our desperate dread;
Bruised, bleeding, and weeping, like wheat we are sifted,
All thy waves and thy billows go over our heads.
Our idols of clay have been dashed down and broken;
Arms of flesh have been palsied, and suddenly hushed

Is the voice of our Leader. Be thou our Commander,
And help us to lift up our heads from the dust!

APRIL, 15, 1865.

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

SAY, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you, look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely,
Some beam would fall bright over me.
There are many and many around you,
Who follow wherever you go;
If you knew that they walked in the shadow,
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumble;
They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie
With white, pleading faces, turned upward,
To the stars in the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted,
We behold them anear and afar,
But not many among them, my brother,
Shine steadily on, like a star.

If once all the lamps that are lighted,
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!
The darkest of places would brighten;
The mists would roll up and away,
And Earth would laugh out in her gladness,
To hail the millennial day!

A LITTLE LOVE

GIVE them just a little love,
These poor creatures, with no traces
Of the lovely in their faces.
Though they take your gift with scorning,
Though they grieve you night and morning,
In the name of God above,
Give them just a little love.

Give them just a little love,
Touch their hands in friendly fashion,
Speak to them in kind compassion,
Tell them of the Heavenly City,
With its everlasting pity,
In the name of God above,
Give them just a little love.

Give them just a little love,
These poor creatures. On their faces
Sin and shame have left their traces.
Do not judge them. Kindly leave them
To the Christ who may receive them.
In the name of God above,
Give them just a little love.

THIS ONLY

DEAR little, weary, wasted hand,
That from the valley lonely
Waved long farewell, and left to us,
This golden circlet only!

DEAR HOPE OF MINE

DEAR Hope of mine, struck down in strength,
As you were upward flying;
Lie still! lie still! for you, at length,
Healed, helped, all foes defying;
Shall cleave again the star-lit track,
No wind that blows may beat you back;
You are not dead, or dying!

A NEW GUEST

WHAT, Sorrow! have you come at last?
And are you now my guest to be?
So many times my door you passed,
As one who had forgotten me.

Well, well, come in! Beside my hearth
Sit down, as many a friend has done,
When all my house was filled with mirth,
And hearts were glad from sun to sun.

For you I spread no banquet fine,
Nor call my neighbors in to see
Your pale, sad face, strange guest of mine,
Yet I a courteous host will be.

I will not strive with you at all,
I will not frown and bid you go,
If Joy has gone beyond recall,
You are her sister dear, I know.

You did not chance to walk my way;
With orders signed and sealed you came;
You followed where my pathway lay;
And knew my number and my name.

THE PEACEMAKERS

I THOUGHT I saw, upon the shining coast,
A mighty host.
Their eyes were luminous with joy and peace,
That would not cease.
Somehow they seemed more royal and more blest
Than all the rest.
Yet ever did they wonder that their names
Met loud acclaims;
And that such honor unto them was given,
In highest heaven.
They had not borne the banners, in the strife
Of mortal life.

Their foreheads had not felt the touch of wreaths,
Which fame bequeaths
To conquering heroes, as they homeward march,
Through Victory's arch.
These were the souls that when the strife was high,
Made soft reply.
The men and women, who could patient stand,
And make demand
For peace, peace only, though their pride was crost,
Their dear hopes lost.
Oft had they caught, with soft and naked hands,
The flaming brands
Which anger hurled, and quenched, before it fell,
Some fire of Hell.
They did not dream how great their souls had grown;
No sculptured stone

Was piled above their ashes when they slept;
But God had kept
Their faces in his sight; He knew the cost,
When passion-tost,
And sorely hurt, they patient came and went,
On peace intent.
Now they are "blessed" evermore, and lo!
Where'er they go,
The angels look on them, and smile and say,
"God's children, they!"

A LIE

SHE told a lie, a little lie—
It was so small and white,
She said, "It cannot help but die
Before another night."
And then she laughed to see it go,
And thought it was as white as snow.

But oh, the lie! it larger grew,
Nor paused by night or day,
And many watched it as it flew,
And, if it made delay,
Like something that was near to death,
They blew it onward with their breath.

And on its track the mildew fell,
And tears of grief and shame,
And many a spotless lily-bell
Was shrivelled as with flame.
The wings that were so small and white,
Were large, and strong, and black as night.

One day a woman stood aghast,
And trembled in her place,
For something, flying far and fast,
Had smote her in the face—
Something that cried in thunder tone,
"I come! I come! Take back your own!"

O HELEN, HELEN DEAR!

HOW lightly up the winding stair
We ran together, she and I;
And still I see her lovely face
Look downward from the landing-place;
For she outsped me. Through the gloom
Of the great hall, into her room,
She led me on that summer day,
In years that fled too quickly by.

I pray you, if you ever pass
This sunken grave, within the grass,
Touch tenderly the crumbling stone,
And say, for me, in undertone—
"O Helen, Helen dear!"

How fair she was, how straight and tall,
My Helen in that far off-day!
Like living things that longed to go,
The curtains fluttered to and fro,
As up and down the room we walked,
Perhaps of love and lovers talked,
As girls have always done, and will,
And nothing whispered "yea" or "nay."

I pray you, if you ever pass
This sunken grave, within the grass,
Touch tenderly the crumbling stone,
And say, for me, in undertone—
"O Helen, Helen dear!"

What trifling things the heart will keep!
They seem too simple to be told.
That day she lifted from its place,
A dainty thing of flowers and lace,
And held it up that I might see.
O little bonnet, plain to me,

Your ribbon streams across the mist,
A shadowy streak of palest gold!

I pray you, if you ever pass
This sunken grave, within the grass,
Touch tenderly the crumbling stone,
And say, for me, in undertone—
"O Helen, Helen dear!"

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

"GOD! God! O God!" Across the dark,
And through the void, rings out the cry,
And souls before Him, standing stark,
Are listening for a clear reply;
Some signal flashed from distant spheres,
To tell them that He sees and hears.

"God! God! O God!" Forevermore
His name rolls upward; where is He?
Along what unimagined shore,
Across what undiscovered sea,
Must we fare forth? What wondrous road
Will lead us to the King's abode?

"God! God! O God!" We grow more bold;
More love we crave as years increase;
More shelters from the heat and cold;
More of Thy pity and Thy peace.
Hold fast Thine own! from Thee we came,
As deathless sparks from central flame.

THE FUNERAL DAY

"BRING out your dead! bring out your dead!"
A great bell tolled and tolled;
And over sea and over land,
The dread commandment rolled.
"Bring out your dead from hut and hall;
One funeral let there be;
Come, pile them on this mountain top,
That all the world may see!"

Through all the nations rang the cry,
And far, o'er hill and plain,
The long procession slowly formed,
While tears dropt like the rain.

All heads were bowed in speechless shame,
No songs were sung or said;
As upward, upward, step by step,
They bore the dishonored dead.

The dead! the dead! the sun that shone
Through thrice a thousand years,
Had never looked upon a scene
So fit for groans and tears.
The winds blew wild across the world;
Earth shook through all her zones;
For O, what dear, dead hopes would lie
Among those whitening bones!

Pale mothers brought their precious boys,
Alas, they weighed like lead;
Sad wives their awful burdens bore,
And loud bewailed their dead.
Fond lovers struggled up the slope,
Their tears fell where they trod;

They bore their dear ones in their arms,
What weights were these, O God!

"Tell me," I cried, "O Earth and Time,
Whence came these pallid hosts?
Why does the great bell toll and toll,
As touched by hands of ghosts?"
Slow, slow, the answer floated back;
It smote through heart and brain:
"These countless dead are Passion's slaves
They who themselves have slain."

ETERNITY

O THE clanging bells of time!
Night and day they never cease;
We are wearied with their chime,
For they do not bring us peace.
And we hush our breath to hear,
And we strain our eyes to see,
If thy shores are drawing near;
Eternity! Eternity!

O the clanging bells of time!
How their changes rise and fall;
But in undertone sublime;
Sounding clearly through them all,
Is a voice that must be heard,

As our moments onward flee,
And it speaketh aye one word;
Eternity! Eternity!

O the clanging bells of time!
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line,
We are marching to and fro;
And we yearn for sight or sound,
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round;
Eternity! Eternity!

O the clanging bells of time!
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime,
We shall feel the silence come.
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break,
Eternity! Eternity!

"SOMEBODY 'S WORKING FOR SOME BODY"

THE times are hard, the world is cold,
There 's lust for power, there 's greed for gold,
And hearts are bought, and hearts are sold—
But Somebody 's working for Somebody.

In lonely places, far and near,
The tangled paths to smooth and clear,
Unthanked, unnoticed, year by year,
Somebody 's working for Somebody.

And eyes may weep, and arms may ache,
And hopes may die, and hearts may break,

But still, for Love's unfailing sake,
Somebody 's working for Somebody.

I pray you say these plain words o'er,
Repeat them oft from door to door,
By night and day, on sea and shore—
Somebody 's working for Somebody.

PERSONALITY

THOU, helpless babe, whose days went by,
As dim as dreams, as soon forgot,
Wert thou myself? nay, nay, for I
Could see thy face, and know thee not.

Dear child with hair like shining flax,
Who sat'st beside my Mother's knee,
Time's shifting sand has hid thy tracks;
What had my life to do with thee?

And yon tall girl that looks afar,
And questions earth and air and sea,
And follows fast her guiding star,—
Dear God, how far she is from me!

In noon's strong light a woman stands,
With life's full pressure on her laid;
Its curious webs are in her hands,
And flushed with joy, yet half afraid,

She turns her wondering eyes on me;
And claims me yet; I felt her needs;—
Up roll the mists from land and sea,
I onward press—her form recedes!

Am I responsible for these?
Far off, in some great judgment-hall;
Beyond these earthly, storm-swept seas,
Must I make answer for them all?

"WHITE ROBES"

WHO shall wear the raiment white,
When purple robes of Tyre,
And costly webs from Indian looms
Shall shrivel in the fire?
Beyond these transient glories,
Beyond this tinsel show,
Who will stand before the Lord,
In raiment white as snow?

"THE MISTLETOE BOUGH"

FAR back among the misty years,
I heard the sweet old song;
I was a careless, happy child,
Scarce knowing right from wrong;
But O the tender, mournful words,
That through the twilight rang;
And O the lady, fair and tall,
Who sat alone and sang!

She charmed me with her lovely voice;
Her hair was backward blown;
She sat upon a doorstep low,
And it was near our own;
But there were whisperings in the air,

She was not " wise " or " good,"—
No little child might speak to her
In that fair neighborhood!

How strange it was! I looked at her,
I could not understand;
I felt so far apart from her,
Yet longed to take her hand.
I would have asked about the song;
Where was the " Castle Hall "?
And what the " Holly Branch," that shone
Against the " old, oak wall "?

Where is she now,—that lady fair,
In whom no child might trust?—
I think her very grave, to-day,
Is levelled in the dust.
I wish that I had gone to her,—
Not knowing right or wrong;
And laid my hands on hers, and said,
" I thank you for the song."

COME SWEETHEART COME

COME, sweetheart, come! across the road
Are the great rocks that all must pass;
You may not lay aside your load,
And though you cry, "Alas, alas!"
No hand may help you in this hour;
We stand aside, you make your moan,
But this is your allotted dower,
This pain must be your very own.

The rocks are there, so cold and gray;
Your feet are tender, they will bleed;
O sweetheart, must you go this way?
Our hearts cry out, "What need? What need?"

But come! make haste! your name is called;
It seems in love and not in wrath,
Smile now on us, and unappalled,
Go slowly up the narrowing path!

Now, sweetheart, turn your peaceful eyes,
The cold, gray rocks you crossed alone,
Are gleaming fair beneath the skies,
By vines and mosses overgrown.
Repeat the tale so often told;
Just in the darkest, loneliest place,
Your path became as burnished gold,
And angels met you face to face.

"LEST YE BE JUDGED"

THEY thought, with tottering human feet,
Themselves could climb to the judgment-seat;
And their steps were upward bent.
But a strange light flashed from a flying cloud,
And a voice dropped down, and the heavens were bowed,
And they knew what judgment meant!

"TRACE THOU THE PATH"

TRACE thou the path which the eagle took,
The first-formed, glorious one;
Which, from its birthplace on the rock,
Went soaring toward thesun.

And seek and see if ye cannot find
On the ancient eastern shore;
One priceless gem from the glitt'ring crown,
Which the Queen of Sheba wore,

And a chord from the harp that David smote;
And a shred of Tyrian stain;

And a leaf from the palms whose boughs were wet,
By the first bright drops of rain.

The earth and the air closed over them;
They are fled with the human hosts;
They returned again to the formless void;
They are less than the dreams of ghosts.

JOY

LIST! her feet are at your door;
Her sandals shine with evening dew;
How late she is! but now, once more,
She turns her radiant eyes on you.
For long delay she makes amend;
Rare scarlet blooms around you fall,
And glad new songs to Heaven ascend,
For earth is glorious, after all!

IN DARKENED HOUSE

IN darkened house of common clay,
The brain, imperial, dwells alone;
None say to it or yea or nay,
Or ask its right to crown and throne.
The dull, gray substance sleeps and wakes,
And wonders why and whence it came;
With sense of self it throbs and aches;
A heaving force, a prisoned flame.
By law unwrit or sacred sign,
It holds its power,—a right divine.

Behold the king!—how lone his state!
But countless couriers round him stand;

They do his bidding while they wait;
Or outward haste at his command.
Viewless and soundless, up the height,
While radiant suns beneath them glow;
With wings made swift by sheer delight,
Where mightiest angels only go;
They speed their flight,—what worlds unfold!
They find what kings, in dreams, behold!

What power is here? What master grand?
In darkness bound, of lowly birth;
Yet made to think, and feel, and stand,
As God's own Viceroy on the Earth.
The beasts before him cringe and creep;
The ancient mountains bow them low;
As still as death, through oceans deep,
The swift, obedient lightnings go.
Thou brain of man!—awake—asleep—
Still art thou King,—thy kingdom keep!

A NEW PRAYER

MEN and women, long defeated,
Pray a new prayer on your knees;
Ask no more for love or riches,
Ask no more for fame or ease.
Lift your empty hands to Heaven,
Pray for wisdom, that alone,
Though He watches worlds in motion,
He will hear your faintest tone.
Angels will descend to help you,
Stone by stone shall yet be set,
Slow, persistent, without clamor,
Without sound of workman's hammer,
You shall build your temple yet!

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